MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 8 No. 6

30p

ACTRESS GLENDA ALLEN AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HER ON TV

THE AMAZING LAND SIGHTINGS OF THE LOCH NESS MONSTER

BARED: OUR NICEST BRITISH NANNY

DO JELLYMOULD JALOPIES DESERVE TO BE A CULT?

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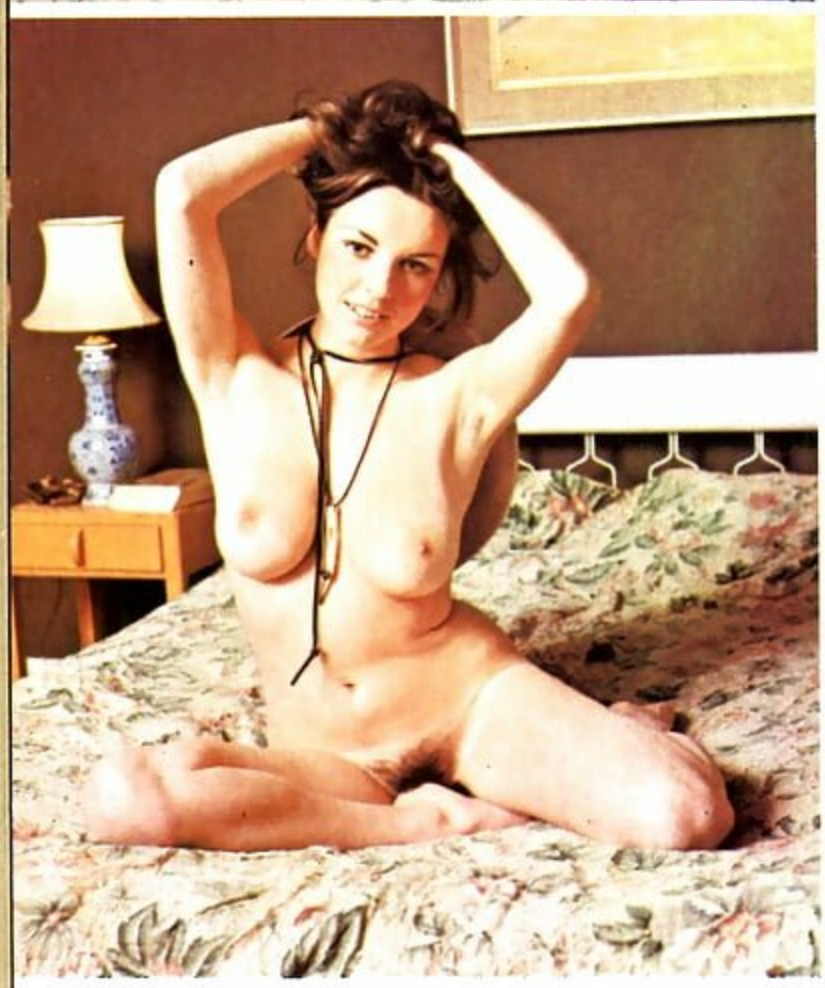
SUE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBIN KEWLEY

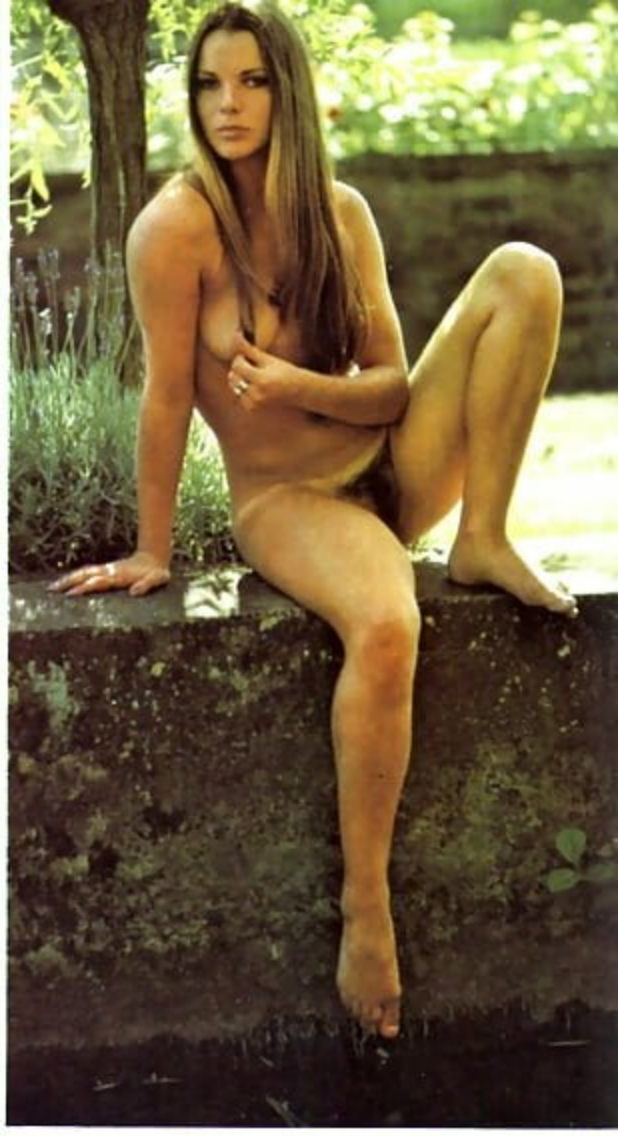
Sue Harvey rides horses and men—hard. "If I tell a man something," she says, "I

expect him to listen. I'm not one of those pretty-faced dollies who sit there and simper." Clearly 19-year-old Sue is a lady of independent mind. No surprise then that she quitted her sedate Bedfordshire ladies college at the earliest possible age of 15. "I was supposed to be too outspoken," she told us in a voice blending Northern edge with a very queenly English. "Actually I couldn't get out quick enough, so I could compete in the county trials." Horsewomanship keeps Sue's 36-24-36 in well-stirruped trim. Exiled from her native Mansfield in a shared Horsham flat she commutes to South London as a busy medical secretary but remains in trotting distance of the Sussex downs. "My horse Jubel is stabled there. I've just about got him disciplined." Who wouldn't be a willing mount between two such elegant thighs?

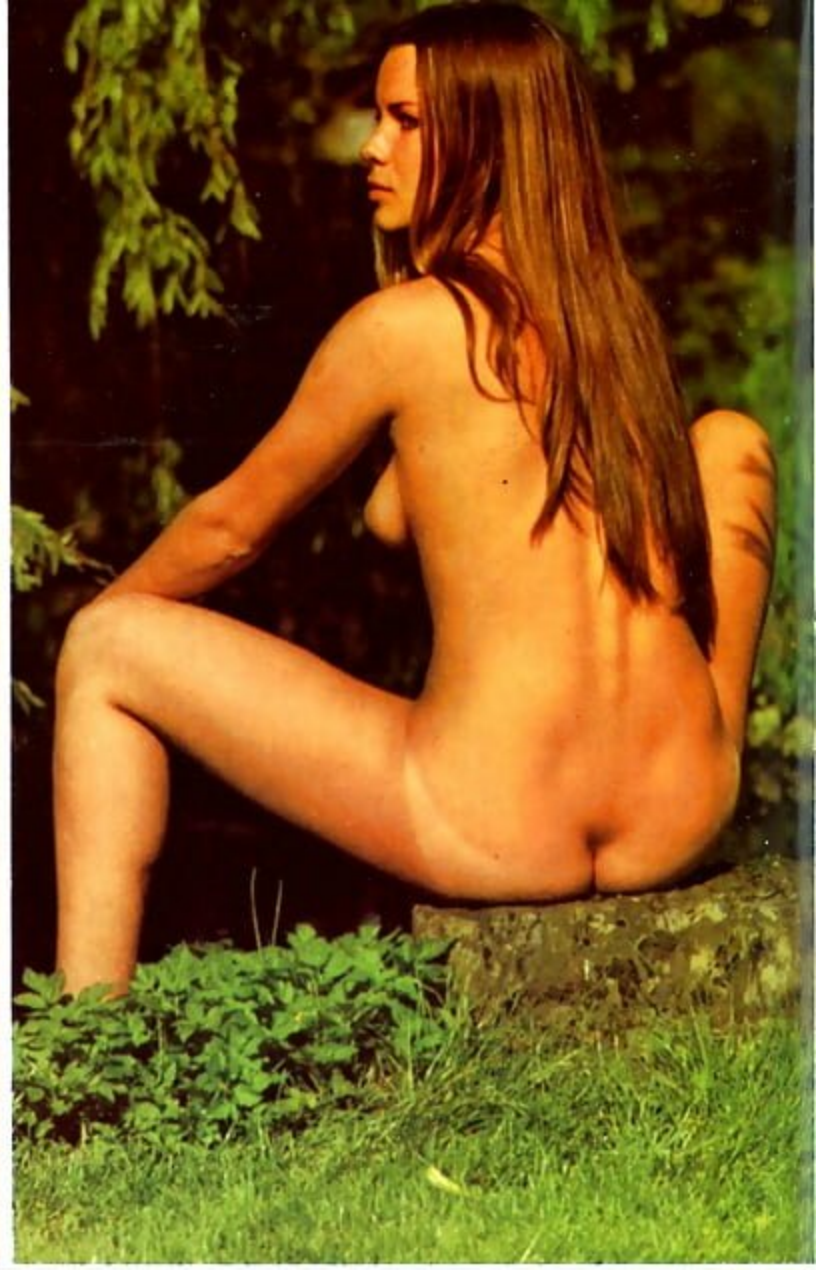


Glenda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE MCLEAN

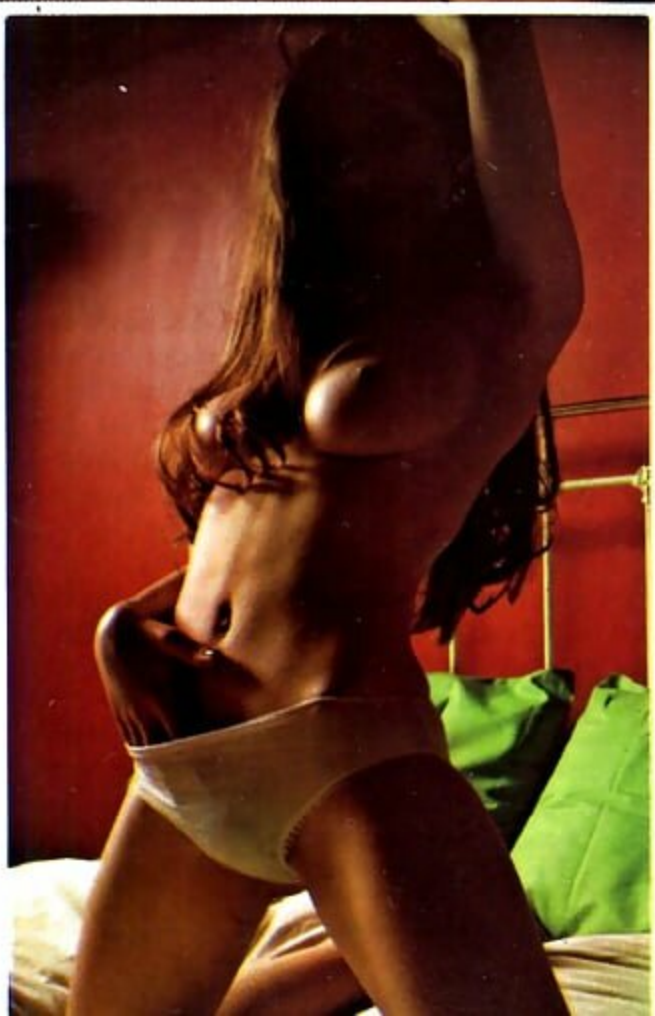


Bold, brash and beautiful – it's a daunting combination for any modern miss but doubly devastating when she's an actress like Glenda Allen. 'I'm never shy,' says this most titillating of up and coming televisual delights. 'Probably it's because I was brought up in a big family.' Born 22 years ago in the small Norfolk village of Sheringham Glenda became the second youngest amongst five boys and two girls. After spending time in Surrey and Maidenhead as one of the finest au pairs in the business, she graduated to the more



aerated world of hair styling in the King's Road, was snapped by a photographer and launched into a film and TV career. Swift eyes will catch her in a shortly-to-appear episode of 'The Protectors' where she comes to grips with her part in the arms of actor Tom Bell. Meanwhile Hammer Films have provided lavish exposure for her classically proportioned 36–24–36 in epics like 'Blood Will Have Blood', and 'Dracula 72'. The horror habit seems to have stuck. 'I like evil men – the Oliver Reed type,' she says, but ruefully with the slightest edge adds 'Men seem to tell me their problems, especially sex problems. Males are basically more shy.' Rough and ready then reaps rewards with the gregarious Glenda.

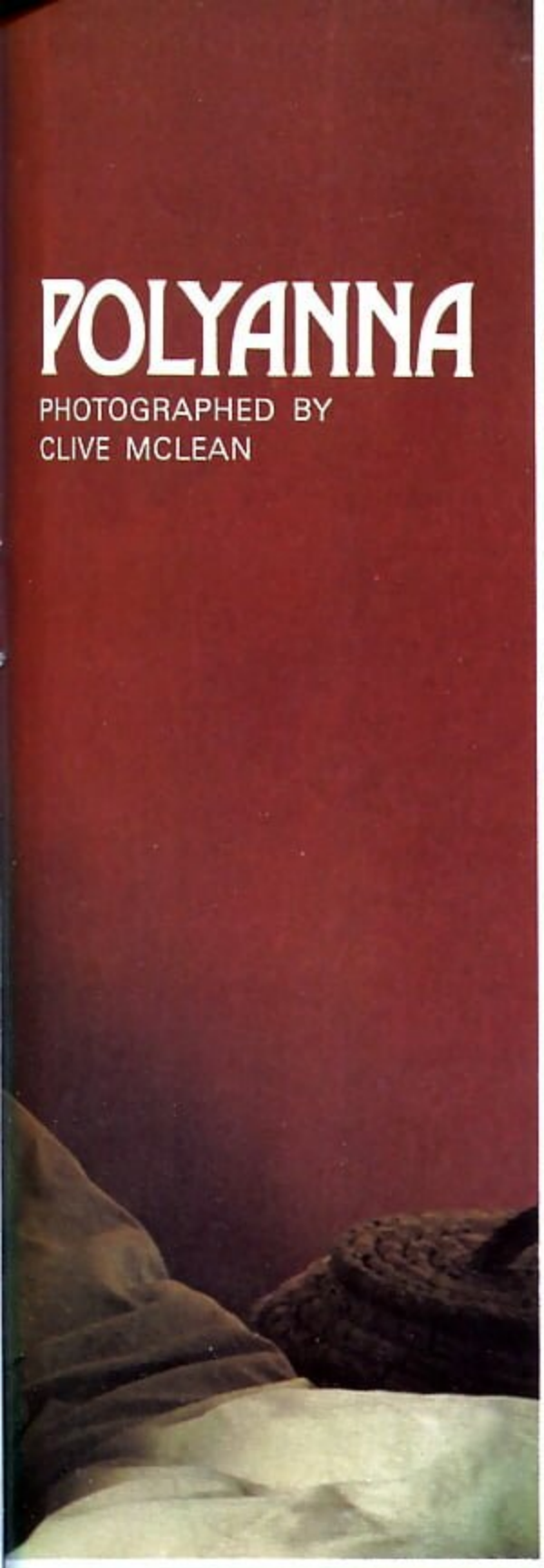
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / GLENDA ALLEN



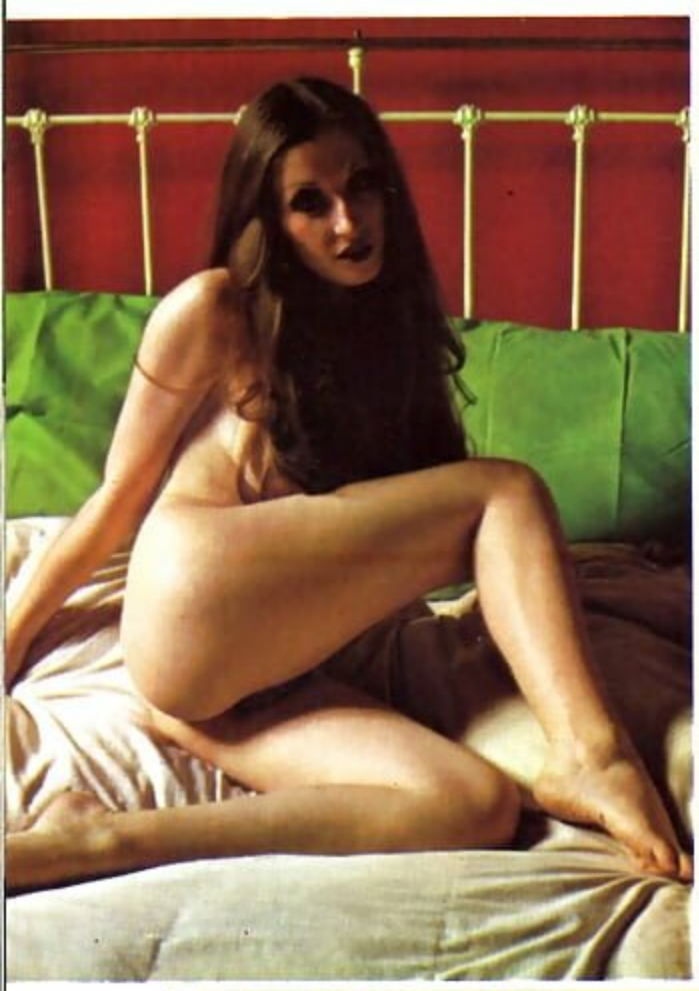
'Witch power,' said Polyanna, 'is very much sexual power. A beautiful woman entrances a man with her body. Magic works in the same way.' Polyanna's magic is immediate. Nearly six feet tall and cloaked in black she needed only pointed hat and broomstick to complete the effect. We met at a party devoted to the occult in a rambling flat overlooking London's World's End. Polyanna told us she was 22, a language lecturer at a Birmingham secretarial college – and a witch. 'They say there is white magic and black magic,' she said, her low voice intimate and harsh by turns. 'It's not so. There is only the power. It depends on the person who practises it.' What was she? we asked. 'Occasionally,' she said, 'I am very very good. Occasionally I am not so good.' Her look was coy and

POLYANNA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CLIVE MCLEAN



chilly at the same time. 'Nudity emphasises the sexual aspects of the art,' she went on. 'It also makes it easier to radiate the energies we use. Let me show you.' Shrugging the cloak off strong white shoulders, we saw a slight black dress scooping superb breasts, funnelling firm, muscular thighs: 38-23-37. Nude, she was statuesque, warm flesh glistening in the lamp light. 'Do you feel the power?' she asked. We did.



Pauline

Once upon a time an Englishman's best friend was his nanny. Generations of cosseted Christopher Robin's knelt chastely beside her at the bedhead and prayed for nothing more than picnics and Pooh. Encased in starch-stiffened white linen and impregnable black stockings the invariably middle-aged matron of the nursery was about as erotic as a wet Sunday on Everest. Lithe, lissom, sexy, seductive were adjectives confined to those odd leatherbound volumes Father kept hidden in the study. But not any more. The modern British nanny is out of the nursery and stripped for action. Like 21-year-old Londoner Pauline Hogg. Pretty Pauline is the pleasant-faced dolly whose eye you catch on a crowded Tube. An ordinary face, you think, nice but not classically beautiful. Until she looks back. A swift, but steady, utterly confident look. A look that signals a charismatic clashing of emotional gears.

In a man it would have meant instant mental rape. With a woman like Pauline it becomes a lightning-swift initiation into unfathomable mysteries. And when she moves you know why. Her body is a dream, a fantasy made reality, an unattainable lust made flesh. Her full, firm breasts round into a taut 40 inches that strain against any confinement. Her wide, welcoming thighs swell into 38 sweet, soft-fleshed inches, tapering through a dark and secret mane of hair into long, lean, exquisitely proportioned legs. In a moment she has the covert eyes and fevered minds of every male in sight. Leaving, only a studied unself-consciousness and the faintest swaying of generous hips betray her awareness of a dozen mental rapists pinning her in ecstacy to the carriage floor. Queen Victoria would never have trusted dear Albert with a nanny

like this around. Pauline works for an Anglo-French family who divide their time between a Paris mansion, a London *pied-à-terre* and a villa on the French Riviera. 'It's a fabulous job,' Pauline told us when we cornered her in Cannes. 'There's only one little boy to look after and a sister who's practically my age. We're great friends. So I get masses of free time. And the family never stays anywhere longer than a few months.' Born in Fulham – 'not the trendy part' – Pauline worked as a temporary typist before giving it up to go to nanny's school. 'It's really called that,' she said. 'I've always loved children and I just wanted to work with them for a while. This job was a bonus.' She hopes to stay a nanny for at least another two years. 'It's going to be terribly difficult to leave. I feel like a daughter.' What about her private life? 'Of course, it's a problem. You can't bring boyfriends home when you're one of the family.' She finds older Frenchmen 'absolutely charming. But the younger ones just want to climb into bed as soon as they've met you. Believe it or not, the men are quieter in London, which is nice. I admit I'm a girl who likes to take her time.'

CARRIE

Carrie's new position as an artist's model keeps the pot boiling